AN

EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE.*

—— *Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.* VIRG.

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WHATE'ER to private Offices we owe,
By Nature prompted, we with Eaſe beſtow;
But what Returns, what Trophies can we find
For him whoſe Labours are to bleſs Mankind;
Whoſe Prudence bids the War of Nations ceaſe,
And ſpreads the Bleſſings of all-plenteous Peace?

Long have I view'd, with Hatred and Diſdain,
Alike the cringing and the envious Train,

Suppreſs'd

Suppreſs'd my Zeal, while Faction rag'd aloud,
Loth to be number'd with the venal Croud;
But thy tranſcending Worth my Boſom fires;
Dumb be the Tongue of Spleen when Truth inſpires.

Permit me, Sir, the Voice of Thanks to raiſe,
Too proud to flatter, tho' inclin'd to praiſe;
The chaſteſt Truths alone theſe Lines impart,
No Panegyrick of the Head, but Heart;
This my firſt Song to thy Renown I give;
And thy Renown ſhall make the Verſe to live.

On Beauty's Charms let gay *Philaſter* dwell,
In artful Words his well-feign'd Paſſion tell,
To *Bellamira* breathe his Heart's Deſire,
And ſweetly wanton on the *Teian* Lyre,
With ſtrange Viciſſitudes perplex the Maid,
By Turns commend her, and by Turns upbraid;
Let him deſcribe the Pleaſures of an Hour,
And talk luxuriant of a *Syrian* Bow'r:
Inglorious Subjects which debaſe the Soul,
And all the manly Faculties controul!
Sublime the Paſſion that inflames my Mind,
An univerſal Love for all Mankind;

Therefore

Therefore I'd draw, and in the faireſt Light,
Of publick Virtue an Example bright.

I view Thee, WALPOLE, from thy Dawn of Fame,
Studious to emulate each Patriot Name;
I ſee, and I admire, thy Morning Ray:
But I adore Thee in thy Blaze of Day.
Early in Youth for Liberty you ſtood,
And all your Aim has been *Britannia*'s Good;
Thro' every Turn of Life you ſought that End,
And in Oppreſſion prov'd her faithful Friend.
Be Shame eternal on that treach'rous Race,
Who work'd thy Honour while they meant Diſgrace;
Recall'd to Favour, when your Country griev'd,
Her ſinking Credit You alone retriev'd:
So *Rome* ingrateful, thro' ſome envious Fate,
Baniſh'd *Camillus*, and unnerv'd her State;
But in the Hour of Woe implor'd her Son:
Swift to her Aid the godlike Hero run,
Snatch'd her from Ruin with victorious Hand,
And liv'd th' undoubted Saver of the Land.

A future *Livy* in our Iſle may riſe,
And from Oblivion call the Good and Wiſe;

Lo,

Lo, while the Deeds of Virtue he ſurveys,
And draws Examples for ſucceeding Days,
Godolphin, *Halliſax*, ſhall ſwell the Page,
And mighty *Marlbro'*, Wonders of an Age!
In that bright *Cent'ry*, WALPOLE, ſhalt thou ſhine,
And add a Luſtre to the BRUNSWICK Line;
In the bright Records of the Patriot Band
Foremoſt thou ſhalt, with fair Diſtinction, ſtand:
In ſtrong Contraſt ſhall the Hiſtorian draw
The Wretches whom no Faith could bind, nor Law;
A Maſter Pen, O! *Clodius*, is thy Due,
Of every Side by Turns, to neither true;
Stateſman profeſs'd, for Wine and Wenches made,
And merry Gambols in the Midnight Glade,
Form'd the true Object of our Scorn and Hate,
Whoſe Toil's to baffle, and burleſque the State.

Think not, O! WALPOLE, that I dwell too long
On wretched *Clodius*, who adorns my Song:
The Maſter Hand, that would his Art diſcloſe,
In Lights and Shades the well-wrought Landskip throws;
From the dark Gloom the Sun appears more bright,
And the Shade darkens from the Glare of Light.

Let the Hiſtorian, in the *Livyan* Strain,
Point out the Glories of each *Brunſwick*'s Reign,
To high Deſert of every Kind be true,
And to each Worthy give the Praiſes due;
Be mine the Task, in low, but grateful Lays,
To ſhew my Merit while I ſing thy Praiſe;
To thee the Nine the Laurel Wreath extend,
And give the Olive to the Kingdom's Friend.
Beneath thy Care, bleſs'd with the Sweets of Peace,
The Muſe ſhall flouriſh, and each Art increaſe;
Faction ſhall droop, Diſloyalty lie dead,
And Commerce once again uprear her Head;
Nations unite in Friendſhip's ſacred Chain,
The Sailor's ſureſt Paſsport on the Main.
The wealthy Merchant ſhall complain no more;
His be the Treaſure of each diſtant Shore.

While Peace, while Plenty, and while Freedom, ſmile,
Profuſe with Joy, on fair *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Let's pay the Debt of Thanks, where Thanks we owe,
And bleſs the Hands from whence our Bleſſings flow:
While leſſer Stars the greater Lights attend,
Till the Succeſſion of the Seaſons end,

May Liberty, the Goddeſs of our Land,
Secure the Sceptre in her Monarch's Hand;
And may the Sun, till he ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
Behold on *Britain*'s Throne great *Brunſwick*'s Line;
And may the Father's Worth the Son inſpire,
From Age to Age, to emulate his Sire;
And may Heav'n give, to add to their Renown,
A WALPOLE to adorn, and aid, the Crown.

FINIS.

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